

The Mirror

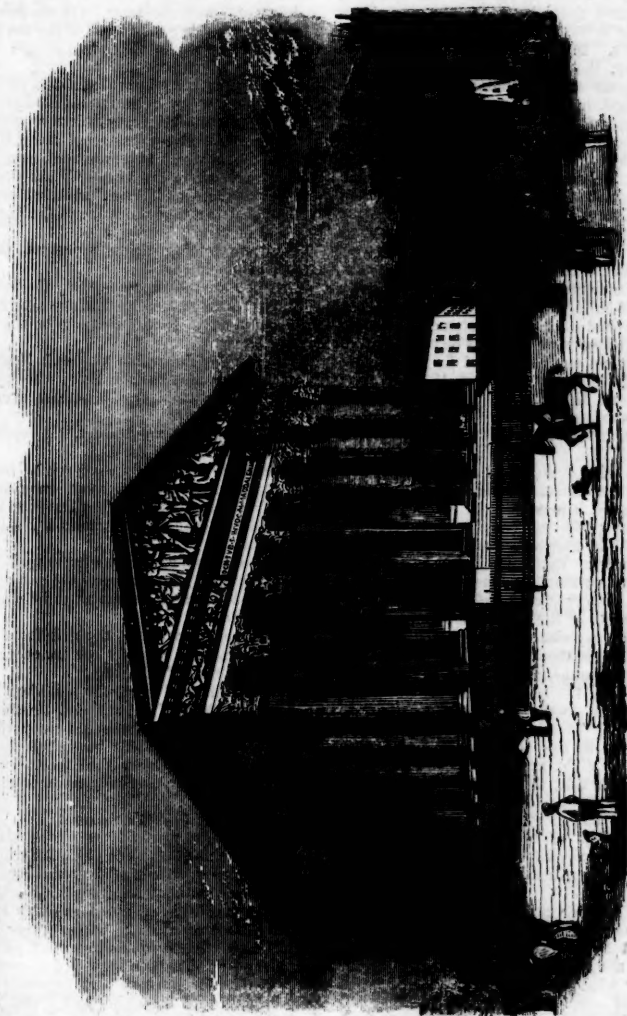
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CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, AT PARIS.

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CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, AT PARIS.

THE origin of this superb church, "perhaps, the most imposing piece of classical architecture in magnitude, and the most chaste in character, ever produced in modern times," is worthy of recital. The structure is situated upon the Boulevard of the Madeleine, in the Ville-l'Evêque, now annexed to Paris. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the church of this village being inadequate to the population of the neighbourhood, it was determined to demolish it, and erect a new church in front of the Rue Royale, in order that it might be a magnificent object from the Place Louis XV. The first stone was laid in 1764; and between that period and the Revolution, the plan was several times changed, and the works were suspended. At length, Buonaparte chose the site for his "Temple of Glory," wherein the names of military heroes were to be inscribed on *massive tablets of gold*: the half-built church was, accordingly, taken down; and that only just completed, was begun in the year 1804. The execution of this project was interrupted for a few years by political events; till, in 1816, a royal ordinance decreed that the edifice should be finished, in order to place in it expiatory monuments to Louis XVI. and his queen, Louis XVII., and the Princess Elizabeth.

The new church of the Madeleine is a Neo-Grecian structure of surpassing beauty. Externally, it is merely the model of a Corinthian peripteral temple, upon a noble scale. The dimensions are 328 feet by 138, (those of the Parthenon being only 228 by 100,) independently of the projection of the flights of steps at each end, which make the total length of the base or substructure 418 feet; the stylobate, on which the columns are raised, is about 13 feet high; the height of the columns, 62; that of the entablature, nearly 14; and the entire height from the ground to the apex of the pediment, 116 feet. There are in all 52 columns: therefore, as the porticoes are octastyle, there are eight at each end, and twenty along each side, those at the angles being reckoned again. The door of the south or principal entrance is 32 feet high by 16 wide, and is of bronze, with ten panels sculptured in relief by Triqueti, with subjects bearing allusion to the Ten Commandments.

The interior measures 259 feet by 52, and consists of three compartments in length, covered by as many flat domes, through which the building is lighted, there being no side windows. The roof is entirely of iron and copper; and it is stated that no timber has been used in the construction of any part of the building. The architects

were MM. Vignon, Harvé, &c. The building itself was completed about four years since.

The sculpture of the bronze gates, or doors, merits a more detailed notice. Thus: The large frieze above the doors, which commands the whole composition, contains two subjects, while the eight remaining ornament the doors. On the frieze Moses is presenting the tablets of the law to the people, by whom they are received in an attitude of respect and adoration. At the same time the prophet legislator, sanctioning the new law by an immediate application, appears to be giving orders to stone a blasphemer. Every bas-relief bears the commandment which is represented, except in this one, where are two—"Thou shalt have none other God but me;" and the other, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

The two folding doors represent the other commandments.

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day" is expressed by God's resting on the seventh day. Nature seems to be adorning the Eternal.

"Honour thy father and mother." Noah, in his anger, curses his son Ham, who had laughed at the nakedness of his father, overcome by wine.

"Thou shalt do no murder," is represented by the death of Abel.

The delicate subject of the *non machaberis* has been treated with the most exquisite propriety. Nathan reproaches David with the death of Uriah, and his intimacy with Bathsheba.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Daniel causes the two old men who had accused Susannah to be condemned to death.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife." Abimelech respects the innocence of Sarah, the wife of Abraham.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's field, nor his house." Ahab and Jezebel have Naboth stoned to obtain his vineyard.

The composition of the bas-reliefs lies more exposed to criticism than the execution, which offers numerous beauties of the highest order.

A critic in the *Capitole* observes:

"But to return to the doors of the Madeleine. The ancients were vastly superior to the moderns in their marble productions; but the latter, without reaching the height of Grecian ideality, are much superior to them in the art of casting. A real revolution has been effected in this important part of statuary—this has been improved to such a degree, that for the face and ornaments the goldsmith with his chisel can scarcely equal the astonishing perfection given by the caster. M. Richard has raised his re-

putation even higher than it was. His accurate moulding renders useless the patient chasing of those artists who shone so brilliantly about the sixteenth century, especially in everything connected with decoration. One must see these beautiful castings taken out, not to suppose them the work of the most ingenious sculptor. Nothing so perfect has ever yet been presented to the admiration of connoisseurs.

"The bas-relief which is generally most approved, as well by the interest of the subject as the beauty of its execution, is, doubtless, the one representing David and Bathsheba. We regret that the parable of the pet lamb should be introduced into this composition, as it is injurious to the unity of the subject. The accusing parable is entire in the solemn manner of Nathan. Bathsheba's draperies, perhaps, are rather too Grecian.

"Naboth deprived of his vineyard by Ahab and Jezabel, and put to death by his plunderers, is another of the subjects which attracts public attention. The laying out and the execution are, perhaps, even superior to that of David and Bathsheba. It is impossible not to feel pity for the respectful son, whose fear of death cannot induce him to renounce his paternal inheritance, and not to curse his oppressors."

This able critic contends that the subjects should rather have been chosen from the Gospel than the Law of Moses; and remarks the incongruity of placing in the pediment of the church the penitent Magdalene forgiven on account of her repentance, an example of evangelic tolerance which does not harmonize with the inflexible Mosaic law. His criticism throughout is cleverly sustained, and we regret want of space to quote the whole.

The English reader will scarcely fail to associate the Church of the Madeleine with the Town-hall at Birmingham, which, in some respects, it resembles; so that it may be interesting to point out the distinction of the two structures. "The Town-hall at Birmingham may be quoted as an instance of an octastyle Corinthian peripteral, at least as far as regards the front and side, for the columns are not continued at the other end; but, it is by no means a happy application of such an arrangement, the effect of the colonnades being greatly impaired by the large and numerous windows within them. Besides this, the order is raised, not on a solid stylobate, but on a lofty rusticated basement with arched doors and windows."

* Penny Cyclopædia, *ence Paris*: an excellent artistic account of the public buildings, with a table of dates, architects, and descriptive remarks. This plan is adopted in detailing the other capitals of Europe, and we do not remember anything of the kind so complete in the larger Cyclopædias.

THE SKY.

Yon bright and azure-vaulted sky,
Broad plain alone by seraphs trod;
The shroud beyond whose foldings lie
The mansions of the sons of God.
Myriads of years, in changeful form,
Have light or shade athwart it cast,
And still in sunshine or in storm
It rushes swiftly past.

Morn from the dusk-brow'd orient steals,
Tracking the new-wrought beams of light,
Her golden chariot's noiseless wheels
Crush the deep-bedded clouds of night;
And loosening, like a fountain's birth,
The rose-light floods yon rounded space,
One deep, bright smile, that falls on earth
From Heaven's down-looking face.

Noon showers abroad his golden heat,
Crossing the soft ethereal blue;
And banded clouds in silence fleet,
Burning with every gorgeous hue:
Like seraph-armies moving by
To far-off realms, their footsteps glow
With rainbow gleams, and on the eye
Far flash their wings of snow.

The west, how richly it is dyed
In the last smile of parting day.
When silent-footed eve's deserted
Under her shadows, cold and grey:
And night, the dark and stately one,
Gildes by—each streak of light upreared,
Till royally the moon rides on,
By many a beaming world.

O for a bird's wings—I would fain
Fly to yon sapphire-built wall,
Breaking the pearly lines of rain,—
Threading the snow-cloud's soundless fall:
Till Heaven's pure glory shone all round
Above the tempest's madd'ning might,
Heard faintly the far-crashing sound,
And dim the thunder-light.

O soon must come an awful day—
The death-day of old earth-born Time—
When yon blue heavens shall melt away
The sun and stars, and earth's green prime.
But o'er the elemental strife,
To righteous hearts shall breathe a cry—
"Up to the bright, eternal life—
Come home beyond the Sky!"

I. A. GIBSON.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

II.—DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE.

THERE are two sets of people in society—the amusers and the amused, who are both equally useful in their way, although widely different in their attributes. A *réunion*, to go off well, should contain a proper share of either class; because, notwithstanding the inability of the latter to contribute much to the festivity of the meeting, they make an excellent and patient audience, without which the powers of the amusers are cramped, and they feel they are not sufficiently appreciated. These good people also divide the attractions of their opposites; for two individuals equally desirous of shining should never come into too close contact with each other, or they put one another out with their conflicting brilliancy, and a dead failure of their entertaining attempts is the result; like the dull,

unmeaning light that pervades the interior of Astley's, if you go early, when the beams of the sun walk in for nothing through the windows at the back of the shilling gallery, and come into collision with the stage lamps, which are awaiting, half down, the first crash of the overture to rise up, and by their flaring grandeur entice the audience into enthusiasm at their mystic appearance.

Why all people, enjoying the same level of intellect, should not be equally amusing in society, we do not pretend to decide; but we will endeavour to account for it, by falling back upon our theatrical analogies. If you study the playbills, you see, year after year, the same names amongst the companies who keep at the same humble standard; whilst others, whom you recollect as their inferiors, ultimately arrive at big letters and benefits—in fact, that chance, tact, *forte*, and opportunity, come spontaneously to the latter, whilst the former are content to remain servants and peasants. They have been known to embody guests and mobs, and have sometimes arrived at first citizens; but this is by no means a common occurrence. The same union of circumstances that divides a theatrical commonwealth into stars and supernumeraries, produces in our own circles delightful people and nobodies—for so are the listeners and admirers generally and uncourtously termed.

But there are various kinds of delightful people beyond the mere entertainers. If there is a family rather higher in life than yourselves, or moving in a sphere you think more of than your own, notwithstanding they may have formerly *snubbed* you, it is astonishing, when you get introduced to them, and at last asked to their house, what delightful people you find them. If you know two young persons who have tumbled into an engagement with one another under tolerably favourable circumstances, and visit each other's friends for the first time, you will be enchanted with the accounts of what "delightful people" they are; how *very* friendly the mother was, and how well the sisters played, and made coloured-paper dust-collectors. Persons who have large houses, give dinners, and keep carriages and private boxes—gentlemen who have been all along the coast of the Mediterranean, and tell most extraordinary anecdotes until they themselves really believe that their adventures have happened—authors who have written a book which has proved a hit by chance, to the astonishment of everybody, and no one more than the writers—acquaintances who have the happy knack of cordially agreeing with you upon every subject, and applauding everything you do, thinking quite differently all the while—

worn-out "bits of quality tumbled into decay," as Miss Lucretia Mc Tab says, who honour families of questionable *caste* with their acquaintance, and join all their parties by the tenour of relating stories of bygone greatness, and random recollections of defunct high circles;—all these, and many more, had we time to enumerate them, are "delightful people." But we proceed to consider the class it is our wish to place more especially under the inspection of the reader.

We called one day upon a lady of our acquaintance, who was about to give a large evening party; and upon being ushered into the drawing-room, found the whole family in high glee at the contents of a note they had just received. Our intimacy prompted us to inquire the purport of the oblong billet that had so much delighted them.

"Oh!" said Miss Ellen, the eldest daughter, "the Lawsons have accepted—all of them are coming!"

"And who are the Lawsons?" we ventured to ask.

"My goodness, Albert!" exclaimed everybody at once, with an excitement which nearly caused us, being of a nervous temperament, to tilt backwards off the slim, rickety apology for a chair on which we were seated. "Is it possible you don't know the Lawsons?"

We confessed with shame our ignorance of the parties in question.

"They are such *delightful people*," continued the second female olive-branch, Margaret. "We were so afraid they would not come, because they are almost always engaged; so we sent their invitation nearly a month ago."

"And you have only just received their reply," we subjoined. "It looks as if they had waited for something else that didn't come."

"Oh, no," said Ellen, almost offended. "Mrs. Lawson is always so charmed with everything at our house, and says our parties are always so pleasant, and that we manage things so well."

"And she told me, the last time she was here," added Margaret, "that she could not have believed the whole of the supper was made at home, if she had not been told. And I am sure she liked it, because she ate so much."

"And what does this family do, to make them so delightful?" we inquired.

"Oh, almost everything," said Ellen. "Mr. Lawson plays an admirable rubber, and Mrs. Lawson knows nearly all the great people of the day, and can tell a great deal of their private histories. Bessy is a perfect Mrs. Anderson on the piano, and Cynthia—"

"Who?" we interrupted, somewhat rudely.

"Cynthia—isn't it a pretty name? She is such a delightful girl—sings better than any one you ever heard in private."

"Then Tom is such an oddity, and such a nice fellow," continued Margaret. "He imitates Macready and Buckstone, so that you would not know the difference, and sings the drollest songs! He can whistle just like a bird, play tunes upon a stick, and conjure with rout-cakes at supper."

"And you should hear him do the two cats, where he makes you believe that they talk real words," chimed in Ellen.

"And what is this wonder?" we asked.

"He's a lawyer," said Ellen, "but I don't think he much likes his profession."

We thought so too. No man who did the two cats, or imitated Macready and Buckstone, ever did like his profession, unless he was an actor at once.

"You will see them here on Friday," said Margaret, "and then you can form your own opinions; but I am certain you will like them. Hark! there's a double knock at the door."

"Don't peep at the window, Margaret; they will see you," said Ellen to her sister, who was endeavouring to discover who the visitors were by taking a covert observation through the bars of a birdcage.

"It's those horrid Wiltons!" exclaimed Margaret. "Do ring again, Ellen. What a singular thing it is servants are never in the way when a double knock comes at the door."

The new comers entered the room, and, at the same time, we left: not, however, before our fair young friends had told "those horrid Wiltons" how angry they were with them for not calling more frequently, and how delighted they felt now they had come at last. We were sorry to find their pretty lips could let out such little falsehoods, and with such excellent grace.

Friday evening arrived, as in the common course of things every Friday evening must do if you wait for it; and about ten o'clock, after a shilling's-worth of shake, rattle, and altercation, we alighted from a cab at our friends' house, and tripped into the library, where tea and coffee was going on, with a lightness that only dress boots and white kids can inspire. Several visitors were there, as well as one of Margaret's brothers, who said, in a low voice, as we entered—

"Let me introduce you to some delightful people. Mrs. Lawson, allow me to present to you Mr. Albert —"

"Will you take tea or coffee, sir?" said the maid, at the same time.

We were so overcome with being thus suddenly confronted with the stars, that we think we bowed to the maid, and said we were happy to make her acquaintance; and

merely exclaimed, "Coffee, if you please," as Mrs. Lawson inclined her head to ourselves.

We went up stairs, and after having allowed our name to undergo three distinct mutilations from as many footmen, until we did not know it ourselves, we entered the ball-room, where our friends had just received intelligence that "the Lawsons had arrived!" The first half-hour of an evening party is always the same. If you know anybody, you sidle up to them, and give your opinions upon the girls; if you do not, you take your place at the folding-doors that lead from the front to the back drawing-room, and indulge in your own reflections, until the quadrille is finished; when you are introduced to some one for the next, with whom, being an utter stranger, the conversation is delightfully animated. And yet, there are some young ladies, with whom you feel at once at home—who even start subjects of conversation themselves, and say something sensible in answer to every one of your remarks; whilst, with others, you are obliged to pump—pump—pump, to get a monosyllabic reply; and, when you have exhausted the Opera, the heat, Charles O'Malley, "have you been very gay this season?" London Assurance, and the Horticultural, you both relapse into solemn silence.

ALBERT.

(To be continued.)

THE FRIARS AND THE PRIEST.

[THE original from which the following rhyme is taken is a Latin dialogue from the pen of the learned and witty Erasmus. This illustrious scholar, the great luminary of the age in which he lived, who as far surpassed the bulk of his contemporary literati as the glorious beams of the mid-day sun eclipse the faint glimmerings of a taper, often took occasion to expose the absurdities and secularity so rife among the ecclesiastics of that day, with his true and characteristic humour. Of this we have a remarkable instance in his *Laus Stultitie*, Praise of Folly; a very clever and poignant satire, dedicated to our own countryman, Sir Thomas More, and exquisitely illustrated by the great Holbein. The Colloquies and Epistles of Erasmus likewise, present innumerable specimens of his keen, pointed wit and caustic lampoons, directed against the ignorance and bigotry of the times, more particularly as existing amongst the cloister fraternities. The following is a paraphrastic versification of a specimen:]

Two old Franciscan Friars chanc'd, one very wintry day,
Bent on some holy pilgrimage, to wend their lonely way;

The night was cold, the way was long, the wind it bleakly blew,
 And still our weary travellers their destin'd path pursue.
 Not far they thus proceeded, ere with joy they both espied
 A little hamlet rear its head, close on the mountain's side.
 With quicken'd pace, they onward haste, resolv'd that night to spend
 With yonder hamlet's parish priest, or some such holy friend.
 Encourag'd by this good relief, their utmost speed they try,
 Nor was it long before they could the parish church descrie;
 Right soon the hamlet's crooked streets the pious friars thread,
 And seek, with anxious eagerness, the church's grounds to tread.
 The parish parson's straw-thatch'd cot at length they fainting gain,
 And when his wicket-gate they pass, they half forget their pain;
 The sight of such a good retreat, where, wayworn and oppress'd,
 Theiraching, cold, and trembling limbs they might in comfort rest—
 The prospect thus to end their toils new life and strength imparts,
 Revives their faded, sinking souls, and cheers their drooping hearts.
 Now, of this parish parson, here it must be briefly stated,
 That he was fat, loved well his glass, was also empty pated;
 A secular, a tavern-going, hunting, drunken knave,
 More fond of plying hares and hounds, than trying souls to save;
 Content to let the flock go wild, or wander far astray,
 If only he the fleece secur'd, and made the tithes his prey.
 'Twas at his door the strangers knock'd, nor long there did they wait,
 For he, surprised, uprose in haste, and forthwith sallied straight:
 From head to foot the ragged monks his keen eye quickly scan'd,
 And through their tatter'd garments read the scheme they'd boldly plann'd.
 "Pax vobiscum"—thus 'twas the monks their futile tale began,
 Which he cut short with accents rough, and thus his answer ran:—
 "Ye lazy scoundrels, how dare ye disturb my nightly rest,
 Or thus, at this unseemly hour, with rogues the church infest?
 Begone! nor, at your peril, stay upon these holy grounds,
 Your insolence and sacrilege hath neither end nor bounds.
 Along that lane, a publican lives at the 'Dish and Dog.'
 Go try your fortunes there, ye hounds, be off! ye miscreants, mog!"
 Astonished quite, and horrified, they to the place he nam'd
 Now trudg'd along, with many groans, for both were almost lam'd.
 This publican, an honest man, and of a generous mind,
 To hear their tale of misery seem'd rather more inclin'd:
 He call'd them in, and lodg'd them well, and for that night, at least,
 They slipp'd the memory of their toils amidst his jovial feast.

[Having conducted the travellers to the hospitable table of the landlord of the "Dish and Dog," our author then, somewhat abruptly, introduces the following conversa-

tion, as passing between the publican and the friars. The opprobrious language bestowed on the parish priest by the latter, and the open-hearted bluntness of the former, are equally characteristic of the times, and both are remarkably true to life.]

Quoth the friars to mine host, "Pray, what parson have you here?
 A dumb, rapacious, surly dog, not good for much, we fear."

Publican.

"Why, whatever others find him I cannot really tell:
 He's a merry, worthy fellow—loves his glass and bottle well.
 As to customers, there's no man brings me better, that's quite clear;
 And now I come to speak of that, I'm surprised he's not now here.
 You suppose, you say, he's dumb—that charge is quite ungrounded;
 At least, whilst in my tap-room here, his noise is quite unbounded:
 But why should I, with arguments, my time and breath thus waste?
 I warrant of his vocal powers you've had a smartish taste."

Friars.

"Why, yes; for all we ask'd him was, to lodge us but this night:
 By Jove! he could not, were we wolves, have put us more affright."

Publican.

"Ha! ha! I understand now why, to night, he's passed my door;
 The cunning rogue! he knew right well that you were here before."

Friars.

"Pray, does this priest his Bible know? Is he in scripture read?"

Publican.

"Yes, so I think; but as to that, it must in truth be said,
 That of the mute confessional his knowledge strongly smells,
 He never lets it pass his lips, nor e'er his learning tells."

Friars.

"Do you suppose that he'd allow a brother priest to preach,
 And in his stead the altar take, the gospel truths to teach?"

Publican.

"I'll answer for it, only on this simple proposition,
 That they avoid to harp on themes that smack of opposition;
 For many of your sort have tricks right ugly, by the powers!
 Of preaching at, instead of *from*, all parsons such as ours."

H. R.

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALEAC.

CHAPTER II.—THE SOLICITOR.

(Continued from p. 339.)

A FEW days after this conversation with M. Gobseck, I was examined and admitted to the bar. The old miser's confidence in me seemed to increase. He used to consult me (gratuitously, of course,) in all his most difficult operations, and he never had rea-

son to repent it. At last, I got to be chief clerk in the office, and left my former room to live with my master. When I quitted the usurer he shewed neither friendship nor regret. He did not even invite me to come and see him. He used to call on me, however, and employ me just as freely as if he paid me for my trouble. In a couple of years or so, my master, an extravagant man, was in difficulties, and wanted to dispose of his office. Such offices were not as dear then as they are now—he offered to sell out for seventy thousand francs. An active, capable man could clear the purchase-money in two or three years.

I had not a cent in the world, and the only moneyed man I knew was old Gobseck. I saw a ray of hope there, and determined to try him. My heart beat violently as I knocked at his door. I thought at first I would solicit his aid very humbly, as all needy people did—"But no!" thought I to myself, "a man of honour must never forget his self respect. Meanness is too high a price to pay for a fortune."

Since I had moved away, father Gobseck had fixed an iron grating in his door, and he did not open it till he had reconnoitred me.

"Well, it seems your master wants to sell out," said he, in his shrill voice. "How do you know? I am the only one he has spoken with about it." He pursed up the corners of his mouth into a queer smile, and looked right through me in his calm, cold way, as he answered,

"You would not have come to see me but for that."

"One word, if you please, M. Gobseck," said I, as coolly as I could, for I was confounded by his penetration. "I know you are a man not easily moved, and I should only waste my eloquence if I was to try to describe the situation of a poor orphan, whose only hope is in you, and who has no other friend in the world. That is all very well, but business is business. My master's office brings him in thirty thousand francs a year: I believe I could bring it up to fifty thousand. He will sell it for seventy thousand, and I have got the stuff here," said I, touching my forehead, to clear the price in two years, if you can lend me the money."

"That is coming to the point at once," he remarked quietly, and took my hand as he added, "I never heard any one tell his story in fewer words. What guarantees can you give me?" he asked, eyeing me from head to foot. "I see;—none at all. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Bring me the certificate of your birth to-morrow, and we will see what can be done."

The next morning I was punctual. He

read the certificate over twice, turned it round, coughed, looked at it again, then at me, and said,

"We will see if we can't arrange the matter."

I trembled all over with joy.

"I always get fifty per cent. for my money," he added, (and I began to sink.)

"But as we are old friends, I will take up with twelve and a half per cent.; will that do?"

"Yes."

"If it is too much, say so: that's what I ask, it's for you to determine whether you can pay it. I don't like to see a man always jump at the first offer. Is it too much?"

"Oh no, I shall only have to work a little harder."

"Why, your clients will have to pay it, not you."

"No, by all the saints," I cried, "I will pay it myself: I would cut off my hand sooner than fleece a client."

"Good morning to you, sir," said Gobseck.

"But then all our fees are taxed, you know."

"No, not for advice, amicable settlements, and all that. You can often get a thousand francs, ten thousand sometimes, for your trouble, your consultation, opinion, and all that humbug. You must try and get that kind of business. I will recommend you to all my friends. There's Werbrust, Palma, Gigonnet, and all the money-lenders will give you all their collecting business, and Heaven knows, they've enough of it. So you'll have two sets of clients—those you will make for yourself, and those I will send you. In fact, I think you ought to give me fifteen per cent."

"Very well," said I.

The old man seemed pleased.

"I will pay the money myself, so as to have a direct lien on the property."

"Certainly, any security you want."

"And then you must give me seventy notes for a thousand francs each."

"Of course stating that they are for the purchase-money, otherwise I should be liable for twice the seventy thousand."

"No," said he, positively. "How can you expect me to have confidence in you, if you do not in me?"

I was silent.

"And then," he added in a conciliating way, "you will do all my little business without charge, won't you, so long as I live!"

"Agreed, except advancing money."

"That's all fair. Will you let me call on you sometimes?"

"I shall always be happy to see you."

"Yes, but then in the mornings we have our business to look to. Suppose we dine together twice a week, at five, and talk over

our little affairs. I can be merry sometimes over a glass of champagne, I tell you! Come to-night, and we will close the purchase."

"Before I go, I should like to ask, if you have no objection, what the register of my birth had to do with this matter in your opinion?"

"How thoughtless these young men are! Let me inform you, Mr. Solicitor, that before thirty, honesty and capacity are as good as a mortgage, but after a man gets over thirty, there's no depending on him."

Within a month I was in business for myself. I had the honour of being employed by you, madame, and I was successful. My name became known, and in spite of the heavy interest, I paid off Gobseck in two years. I then married Fanny Malvant.

Since then, my life has been one of un-mixed good fortune. I shall therefore say nothing more of myself: for nothing is so monotonous as happiness.

Soon after I began practice I was invited to a bachelor dinner, which one of my friends had lost to a young man, who was then the lion of the fashionable world. The fellow's reputation was immense. No one wore a coat with such elegance, no one handled the reins so skilfully. The ladies were bewitched by him. He spent a hundred thousand francs a year, without a single foot of landed estate, nor any source of revenue. He was the very model of the knights-errant of the saloon and the boulevards, strange being, *au fait* at everything, and good for nothing; very knowing, yet profoundly ignorant; full of care rather than of remorse; ready to be lavishly generous or meanly wicked; in a word a kind of brilliant link between the fashionable world and the galleys. I had often heard of him, but always avoided the honour of his acquaintance.

I don't know that I can describe a bachelor dinner to you. In elegance it is unequalled. You are dazzled by the brilliant array of plate, crystal, and rich damask; by the spotless neatness and luxury around you. In a couple of hours the table looks like a field of battle, strewn with broken glasses, disfigured dishes, and crumpled napkins; all around you now hear shouting, singing, yelling; you see purple visages and inflamed eyes which express nothing; involuntary confidence which expresses everything. You hardly know what you eat, drink, or say; some are sad, others noisy; one keeps repeating the same thing, like a bell always tolling; another deepens the tumult by trying to drown it.

It was in such a scene of confusion that the young fashionable I have mentioned endeavoured to get into my good graces. I was almost as sober as ever, and kept on my guard. As for him, he pretended to be

decently drunk, but he was cool and steady, with a keen eye to business. I don't know how it was, but he fascinated me so completely, that on the way home I promised to take him to Gobseck's in the morning. The words honour—virtue—countess—estimable lady—misfortunes, glided smoothly from his tongue. When I woke up next morning I remembered my promise but confusedly; I thought some countess was in danger of losing her character and her husband's esteem, unless she could get fifty thousand francs that morning; but what my new friend had to do with it, or Gobseck either, I could not recollect. I was hardly dressed when he entered.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," said I, "I cannot see why you should need my assistance to introduce you to M. Gobseck. He is the politest of usurers, and will lend you the money at once, if the security is satisfactory."

"Why, I told you yesterday, that I had unluckily quarrelled with old Gobseck, and as he is the only man in Paris who can find you fifty or a hundred thousand francs at ten minutes notice, I requested you to make my peace with him, which you promised to do,—but never mind."

He eyed me in a politely insulting way, and I could only answer—

"I am at your service."

When we reached the house, I saw him look around him with an air of great anxiety. A hackney coach drove up just then, and his keen eye distinguished a lady within, and an expression of almost savage joy lighted up his face.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY WORLD.—XI.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

The Sporting Review is rife with seasonable intelligence and agreeable reading: there is a "springy freshness" about the Number which is very inviting even to the indwellers of brick and mortar. The practical papers—as the Preservation of Game, Fly-fishing, Tiger-shooting, Pointers and Setters, Indian Horses, Yachting, Hunting, Racing, &c.—are pleasantly relieved by the Editor's "Hyde Marston; or, Recollections of a Sportsman's Life," shewing there to be philosophy for every phase: here are two quips:—

"Whence cometh it that thou dost suffer thy spirit to droop, and thy heart to sink even unto the pit of thy stomach? 'In nature there is nothing melancholy'; why, then, should *thy* soul be sad? Scarce is the bright vault of heaven hidden by the shadows of the night, than the east again smiles in her promise of glory and gladness; while yet the black suit of winter

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clothes hill and valley, the snowdrop and primrose are seen decorating its dreary costume. Mortal man! arise, and be of good cheer. Heaven hath its sunlight; earth hath her flowers; and thou hast philosophy—and thy breakfast."

"There is one peculiarity in the character of tailors, that I do not remember to have seen noticed by any of the writers who have turned their attention to those fractions of the human species. All men, more or less in the degree, are obnoxious to imposition, and liable to fall into the snares of the crafty and designing. Now your tailor, 'like the scorpion girt with fire,' if nobody comes forward to do for him, is driven by his instinct to volunteer the act for himself."

Next is a charming vignette from a paper by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M.P. :—

"On an evening, in the very earliest hours of June, when loving Nature seemed so full of tender passions, that, from the soaring kite to the tiniest insect on the wing, her soft influences were felt and individually proclaimed :—when the modest wren sat on the humble brier, and poured his shrill note of joy in the ears of his mate, as she looked from the oval window of her moss-made cot, and brooded over her delicate treasures :—when the thrush sought the topmost twig of the tree, as if to be nearer heaven, and, gazing down on his clay-bound nest, poured the full melody of his varied note upon the ambient air, and waked the nightingale to emulation :—when the cushat, and blackbird, and turtle-dove, sang soft from their leafy screens—a young man, accompanied by a beautiful girl, were seated beneath the thicket. Above them rose the dark green fir, the verdant oak, and the brighter boughs of the birch and beech; while at their feet, and around about on every side, the violet, the latest primrose and cowslip, shed a perfume on the rising dews, and steeped the senses in delicious languor. Bird and flower, bough and breath of air, were fraught with sweets and melody; and, faithful historian as I am, fain am I to own that, if Nature breathed of love and harmony, the human face divine seemed in no wise reluctant to follow her bright example."

A paragraph follows, from "The Westminster Boy. By Lord William Lennox :—

"Paddy Mahony, or Paddy, as we usually called him, sinking his patronymic, was a perfect specimen of a sharp, witty descendant of Milesius: his sayings would fill pages; I only remember a few. Upon one occasion, when Mahony was undergoing his Saturday evening's ablutions, in a *bain de pied*, a comrade, looking at his 'pair thin shanks,' exclaimed, 'Why, Paddy, you've lost your calves!' 'Arrah, no!'

replied the young emeralder; 'they are only shrunk in washing.' One day, in scrambling up a tree, in Millbank, a branch made a pretty considerable rent in the tail of his coat. 'There's an illigant rent,' exclaimed another young Paddy. 'Sure, and so it is,' rejoined Mahony, 'what would your father give to have his rents so near his pocket.' Upon another occasion, when a hack, upon which Mahony was riding, floundered, and fell upon the road, and, in trying to recover, nearly caught his fore foot in the stirrup, Paddy extricated himself quietly, saying, in the most 'illigant' brogue, 'You big baste, we can't ride double; if you're thinking of getting on yourself, it's high time for me to get off.' His erudite conundrum, 'Why is a prize-fight called a *PITCH* battle?' 'Because it's bitumen (by two men),' was looked upon as a great jocosity in Dean's-yard. Poor Mahony! Never was there such 'a broth of a boy;' he fell gallantly, in the sixteenth year of his age, at the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo."

Public Exhibitions.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 334.)

AMONG the landscapes to be noticed in this Room are, 148. *Cottage from Nature*, and 201. *Devonshire Scenery*. F. R. Lee, R.A.; 153. *Repose*. W. F. Witherington, R.A.; 227. *The lane to the ruins of Kenilworth*. A. Jutsum; and 181. *A rocky Stream*. T. Crewick; the latter especially is a charming scene of leafy freshness, reminding us of

"River, River, little River,
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.
River, River, swelling River,
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth."

The most meritorious Portraits not yet glanced at are 183. *The Bishop of Lichfield*. Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. 167. *William Lawrence, Esq.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. 171. *George Byng, Esq., M.P.* Mrs. W. Carpenter: all which are very carefully painted. 222. *Mr. Ex-sheriff Wheelton*, is merely remarkable as evidence of the vanity of "brief authority." 177. *Rhubarb Merchant*, C. Steedman, is a small, nicely-finished production. We omitted to notice, opposite to the above, 49. *A Hawkey, Esq.* T. Phillips, R.A.; and, by the same artist, *Dr. Chambers*, and the late Sir F. H. Doyle; all which are striking portraits, finished with extreme care.

172. *Roseneu, seat of H. R. H. Prince*

Albert of Coburg, near Coburg, Germany. J. W. M. Turner, R.A. Intended for a scene of quiet nature, yet *bizarre* enough for a fairy creation of the pencil. The drawing, as well as the colouring, partake of the impossible; for the flag is waving in the breeze from the castle-top without a staff.

206. "*To arms, to arms, ye brave!*" W. Etty, R.A. Some sturdy warriors are about to rush from the arms of their *inamorate* to battle; and are girding on their weapons, &c., while a war-chariot waits at the opened door. It is, however, a "sinful phantasy" of painting.

216. *The Farewell.* A. E. Chalon, R.A. A girl of exquisite beauty has fallen asleep, her head reclining upon a table, beside an opened cage, whence a canary-bird has just flown. The drawing of the right hand is very faulty, but the picture is altogether a very pleasing one, and has prompted the following pretty lines by Mrs. Maberley:—

"Lady, farewell! I little thought
The hour would ever come,
When one thou hadst so fondly sought
Would sigh to leave thy home,
Sleep calmly on, the chain is riven,
I could not live despised;
For liberty too freely given
Speaks love but lightly prized.
That open door, that slumber deep,
Thy altered feelings tell;
Enough! enough! sleep, calmly sleep,
But lady, oh, farewell!"

223. *Portico of the Temple of Dendara, in Upper Egypt.* D. Roberts, R.A. elect. This is, indeed, a magnificent picture of the most perfect of all the existing monuments of Egypt. Its innumerable decorations are striking, as well from their beauty of colour as from their multiplicity; and the picturesque costume of the figures introduced adds the richness of the scene. By aid of Mr. Roberts' paintings of Egyptian structures, we are now becoming familiar with the exquisite colours as well as forms of their embellishments, together with their true grandeur. That such edifices should have been so elaborately decorated bespeaks perfection in the vast and the minute of art, which is truly astonishing.

On entering the *Middle Room*, our attention was first attracted by 236. *Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle, from Romney Lock.* W. F. Witherington, R.A.: interesting to every respecter of the abodes of genius, as the residence of William de Wykeham, who superintended the Castle works, with a shilling per day, nearly five hundred years since; and as the dwelling of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, who restored this truly regal palace in our own time.

237. *England's Pride.* 419. *Britain's Glory.* W. Kidd: a pair of cabinet pictures of the genuine class,—*ad captivandum vulgus*—a Greenwich and a Chelsea Pensioner—in design of the same grade of

merit as the national claptrops in Colman's plays, that were wont to set the "twelve-penny colony" on a roar, but are now passed over with a simper. Besides, the "pride" and "glory" of a mutilated soldier or sailor are of a very equivocal description; we have no sympathy with such stalking-horse pictures as the above.

242. *Poor-law Guardians—Board-day—Application for Bread.* C. W. Cope. This picture, in its subject, approximates too closely to the class we have just condemned, to be one of our favourites. The unpopularity of the scene causes the painting to be one of the attractions of the room. A poor widow, with her children, are applying to "the board" for bread, and near the door of the room is the beadle listening to her tale of woe, and visibly impugning its veracity. Most of the guardians are seated at a large table, and one of them, whose physiognomy denotes him to be of a more melting nature than his brethren, is taking some money stealthily from his purse beneath the table; his sympathizing looks being well contrasted with the indifference of the big, burly, well-fed guardian opposite him. This stolidity, too, is supported by a listless knot of guardians about the fireplace, and especially by the worthy with his back to the fire—the very impersonation of *nonchalance*, and its no-affair-of-mine nature. The widow and her children are a touching group; the latter, especially, appear innocent of their parlous state. The guardians have come protected with Macintosh coats, umbrellas, clogs, &c., which lie on the floor, denoting the care their wearers have taken of themselves. These appurtenances, too, with the large, blazing fire, denote severe weather out of doors: why, then, has the artist painted one of the windows open? The picture is finely painted, and is, altogether, a strong appeal upon a very ticklish question.

243. *A Detachment of Cromwell's Cavalry surprised in a Mountain Pass.* T. Woodward. The horses in this picture are very meritoriously painted.

263. *Wreck of the Forfarshire Steamer in 1838, from Sketches and Portraits painted on the Spot.* T. M. Joy. This picture consists of Darling and his heroic daughter in their boat, laying off the rock, whereon are the wrecked sufferers. The carpenter is, by pointing, endeavouring to arouse and persuade the woman to leave her children, who are dead.

Fortunately, scenes of humour are at hand to relieve the *tristesse* of those just noticed: 268. *The Frown.* 271. *The Joke.* T. Webster, A., from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, portraying the effects of the schoolmaster's good and ill humour upon a class of boys. They are oblong mantelpiece pictures, representing fear and feigned mirth to the very life.

Alack! who, before his master, has not been a "boding trembler," and

"Learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

We remember even to have scanned his humour by his very clothes. There were caning inexpressibles, good-natured gaiters, &c.; and the venerable wearer would relax into a smile should this meet his once quick eye. On the other hand, who has not

"Laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Mr. Redgrave, A., has three pictures of the humorous class: 205. *The Castle-builder*, a market girl, who has just kicked over a basket of eggs, and broken the majority of them. 287. *Sir Roger de Coverley's Courtship*, from the *Spectator*, 113: Sir Roger in his "last confusion and silence" at the malicious aid of the confidant, is in a very ludicrous position. 498. *The Vicar of Wakefield finding his lost Daughter at the Inn*. These pictures of familiar life are painted with considerable care and delicacy, though the colouring may be objected to.

The Vicar of Wakefield has furnished another scene: 313. *Hunt the Slipper at Neighbour Flamborough's—unexpected Visit of the Fine Ladies*; D. Maclise, R.A. The reader must recollect the passage. The Michaelmas nuts and fruit are upon the table; the vicar, his wife, and Flamborough, are looking on at the slipper-party on the floor; the eldest daughter is "all blowed in spirits, and hawling out for fair-play;" and the two fine acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, are just in the doorway. Their strait-laced affectation, the confusion on confusion of the hunting party, are alike admirably portrayed. The picture has Mr. Maclise's usual faulty colouring, but it is altogether a pleasing work.

289. *Starting the Opposition*; R. Farrier. A party of boys have made up a mimic "locomotive," with bellows, &c., the real engine being upon a railway in the distance. This is an amusing trifle.

291. *The Bay of Naples on June 4—various groups returning from the Festa of St. Antonio*; T. Uwins, R.A. One of the most beautiful localities in nature—brilliantly painted.

314. *Peasant Girls Herding Cattle*; T. S. Cooper. A genuine scene of rustic life: the cattle admirably painted.

339. *De Montfort*; C. Landseer, A. A very dignified scene, and the artist's best picture in the present exhibition.

340. *The Library at Holland House, with Portraits*; C. R. Leslie, R.A. Interesting as the sanctum of genius, apart from its artistic merits, which are very considerable.

350. *Answering the Advertisement*; F. R. Stephanoff. "A respectable female" is applying to be "housekeeper to a middle-aged

gentleman, of serious and domestic habits." The housekeeper who has shewn in the applicant is a clever impersonation of envious scrutiny and withering scorn.

304. *Puzzuoli, from Caligula's Bridge; the Island of Nesida in the distance, Bay of Baid*. C. Stanfield, R.A. A charming scene, beautifully painted; the atmosphere is pure Italian, and the tone of colour fine throughout.

379. *Female Bathers surprised by a Swan*. W. Etty, R.A. Exquisite drawing and colouring entitle this picture to very high rank.

380. *Windermere, as seen between Low Wood and Ambleside*. F. H. Hernshaw. A charming scene, painted with extraordinary care.

384. *A Scene taken from the Caves of Ulysses at Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso*. W. Collins, R.A.:

"Not a cave but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight.
Here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
Filling the mind, by turns, with awe and dread."
Rogers' Italy.

A scene of rare classic interest, beautifully painted: the artist has caught the "clear wave" of the poet with exquisite skill.

395. *A Trout Stream*. J. Stark. A piece of genuine picturesque: the rocks, and overhanging oaks, with their gnarled and tortuous roots, and the busy water with the high reeds and drooping willows, make up a delightful scene for an "Angler's ramble."

399. *Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives*. D. Roberts, R. A. elect. The scene represents the Easter pilgrims coming in sight of the holy city after bathing in the river Jordan. The solitariness of Jerusalem, her gates desolate, and her beauty all departed, are beautifully characterized in this sublime picture.

404. *Portrait of Charles Kemble, Esq.* A. Morton. This will scarcely be recognised as a successful stage likeness; but it is an admirable "private portrait," the identity of which improves upon a second view.

411. *Portrait of a Lady*. S. A. Hart, R.A. A full-length of a handsome intelligent-looking young woman, painted in a simple yet effective manner. But the figure being tall, why place it in so narrow and close a frame, which increases the apparent height: when seen from a distance, through the doorway of the East Room, this peculiarity is very formal.

417. *Near Castel-à-Mare, Bay of Naples*. C. Stanfield, R.A. Vigorously painted, but deficient in colour and tone, indispensable to the successful representation of Italian scenery. Mr. Holland has painted nearly the same locality, with better success. (See 335.)

First, in the *West Room*, we notice a pair of large pictures by Mr. Martin: 428. *Celestial City and River of Bliss*. 570. *Pandemonium*: both from Milton. The painter, like Virgil, succeeds best in "the shades," and his "amber stream" and "amaranthine shades," are inferior to his "fabric huge"—

"Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave, nor did there want
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven."
Paradise Lost, book i.

429. *Mary Queen of Scots and her retinue returning from the Chase to the Castle of Stirling*, in 1562. W. Simson. A somewhat elaborate scene, with too many figures to enumerate; the queen, mounted on her white palfrey, occupying the centre of the picture.

435. *The Grand Duchesses Olga and Alexandrina*. Mrs. J. Robertson. Portraits of two lovely young women, daughters of the Emperor of Russia.

466. *The Sculptor's Triumph when his Statue of Venus is about to be placed in her temple—a morning at Rhodes*. F. Danby, A. An over-ambitious composition, deficient in every characteristic of a scene of triumph: it is all *petit*.

471. *Henry Phillips, Esq.* J. P. Knight, A. A well-painted portrait of the vocalist, in angling costume: the likeness is excellent. 511. *Portrait of Sir L. V. Palk, Bart.*, by the same artist, of equal merit.

505. *Portrait of Count D'Orsay*. J. Wood. Painted in the artist's best manner; the likeness is admirable.

507. *The Stolen Interview of Charles I., when Prince of Wales, with the Infanta of Spain*. F. Stone. The Prince has just scaled the wall, in pursuit of the fair one, and her aged guardian, on his knees, is imploring the gallant to desist: the incident is cleverly told.

519. *David*. W. Etty, R. A. The Psalmist is playing his harp with right holy joy: his expression is extremely dignified.

532. *Dawn of Christianity. (Flight into Egypt)*. J. M. W. Turner, R. A. The event is, by no means, well related; colouring, as usual. One often hears odd criticism at Exhibitions: *par exemple*, a visitor, after inspecting this picture, naively asked: "What has this to do with Christianity?" 542. *Glaucus and Sylla*, from Ovid, by the same artist, is, to us, equally unintelligible.

539. *The Trial of Effie Deans*. R. S. Lander. An agonizing scene from *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*: the father has fallen senseless at the feet of his terrified daughter, who, with impotent passion, is struggling with the guards, between whom she is placed.

Of the *Drawings and Miniatures*, nearly

400 in number, we have space to notice but a few: the former are altogether of inferior merit to the latter, some of which are very brilliant. Mr. Chalon has water-colour portraits of *Count D'Orsay*, *Mrs. Thwaites*, *Lady E. Drummond*, *the Prince and Princess of Capua*, and *Sir Walter Blunt*, which severally display the exquisite taste and finish of the artist's manner. Mr. Penley's *Portrait of H.R.H. Prince Albert* will also be admired for the fidelity of the likeness. A pair of subjects from Westminster Abbey, 816, *Tomb of Sir Francis Vere*, and 868, *Tomb of Henry III.* (T. Scandrett,) are entitled to special mention, from their happy combination of pure architectural character with picturesque effect: they are very meritoriously executed.

Among the *Miniatures* are a few splendid enamels by H. P. Bone, after Vandeyck, Reynolds, Lawrence, and Gerard; and a pair of Flower-groups, after Veerendaal, by W. Essex. Sir W. Newton's splendid Coronation "Miniature" picture on ivory, 32 in. in height, and 22 in. in breadth, is very attractive: it contains nine figures, and represents the Duke of Sussex doing homage to the Queen; the portraits of Her Majesty, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, Viscount Melbourne, the Bishop of London, and the Duchess of Sutherland, are, to our thinking, the most successful likenesses: it is impossible to detect the joints of the plates of ivory, and the picture has a breadth rarely seen in this species of painting. Mr. Ross has also some exquisite miniatures, as the *Portrait of H.R.H. Prince Albert*, unexceptionable in likeness; and the *Portrait of the Duchess of Somerset*.

The *Architectural Room* contains several beautiful designs, which denote considerable advancement in this important branch of art: indeed, there are fewer crudities of castle-building in the air than we ever remember to have witnessed at the Royal Academy. The new churches, schools, and other public buildings in the provinces are very numerous, and in good taste. We are here reminded, also, of two extensive designs in progress close to our own metropolis: 980. *Lonsdale Square, Islington*, R. C. Carpenter; and 1059. *The Estate building near Hackney for J. B. Nichols, Esq.* J. A. Taylor. 981. *Design for rebuilding Bridgewater House, London*. C. Bary, A., is a magnificent edifice, in the Italian style—a very palace. 1006. *Design for St. George's Hall, Liverpool*. H. L. Elmes, merits the premium of 250 guineas awarded for it: it is a beautiful composition. 994. *Ruins of Baalbec, Mount Lebanon in the distance*. D. Roberts, R.A. elect. A very impressive picture. The *Medallie Portraits* in this apartment are very interesting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A *New Musical Instrument* was introduced at the Adelaide Gallery on Saturday last. It is named the *Terpodion*, and was originally invented by the late Mr. Frederick Bushmann, by whose son it has been improved and perfected. The instrument, in a small and compact form, (about the size of a cottage pianoforte,) combines the power of an organ, (with a sixteen-foot pipe,) and the qualities of a bassoon, violoncello, clarionette, and of the *Æolian* harp. Its tones are remarkably full and round; its piano notes are exquisitely soft, and its *sostenuto* perfect. Judging from a few specimens of the capabilities of the *Terpodion*, played to the delight of a large audience, we consider it an attractive addition to the Gallery.

Napoleon Diorama.—Two new Views have been added to the *Diorama of the Funeral of Napoleon*, viz. the Funeral Procession, as seen at the Triumphal Arch, in the Champs Elysées; and the Funeral Car. In the former, the details of the magnificent Arch, (*de l'Etoile*), are admirably painted; in the latter, the Car is nearly the size of the original, and is most effectively coloured. Novelty apart, these additional Views are even of finer execution than the three scenes previously exhibited.

Trial of Lord Strafford.—A large picture of "The Trial of Thomas, Earl of Strafford, in Westminster Hall—1641," painted by Mr. W. Fisk, has been exhibited in Cornhill; previous to its being engraved in mezzotint, as a companion-plate to "The Trial of Lord William Russell." The picture is a striking scene, comprising upwards of fifty portraits of Strafford's illustrious contemporaries; those of the Earl, his Countess, and family, and of Pym and Sir W. Balfour, being most prominent. Among the audience, side by side, are Selden and John Evelyn, who describes this memorable event as "the fatal stroke which severed from its shoulders the wisest head in England." The picture is altogether a work of sterling merit.

New Books.

A Summer in Western France. By T. A. Trollope, Esq., B.A.

[Some wag of a critic has predicted that "tourists and pleasure-seekers will be seen daily starting from the Tower Stairs, Dover, Southampton, &c., on a visit to Western France, with Mr. Trollope's work in their hand."] That the book in question merits patronage we are not disposed to deny; but that it will receive it to the extent foretold by our critical contemporary we are alto-

gether inclined to doubt, seeing that Mr. Trollope's work consists of two goodly octavo volumes, each of 400 pages, and some few pounds in weight, and far too heavy to be carried in the hand for even a moderate distance; the dimensions of these volumes being nine by six inches, and three inches in thickness. This critical aptitude reminds us of entitling a volume, six inches square and two inches thick, "*Nugent's Pocket Dictionary*," an absurdity as old as ourselves.

If, however, the *materiel* of Mr. Trollope's work be thus weighty, its matter and manner are truly *spirituel*: he dashes off into the *plaisant pays de France*, with which he is evidently enamoured. "For truly," he observes, "much as men have done, and are doing, to render it otherwise, Nature has intended France for a right pleasant and highly-favoured clime. From the green pastures and rich corn lands of Normandy to the vine-clad hills and olive groves of Provence, every temperate variety of atmosphere and soil conspires to produce a greater number of the thousand commodities which, to civilized man, are become necessities, than any other portion of Europe of similar extent." Mr. Trollope then rebuts the charge that the face of things has greatly changed in France, which, he asserts, is "very far less changed than England from what they both were three hundred years ago." For proofs of this assertion, you must not, however, visit the great towns, and the great houses, and the great roads only, but agricultural, rural France, in its far-away provinces, in its little market-towns, and scattered granges: into these pleasant places our tourist undertakes to guide his readers, and professes to be "neither politician, historian, philosopher, physiologist, nor philologist, but a simple admirer of Nature in all her moods, an humble gleaner in the bye-paths of history, and sometimes a desultory wanderer in the shady lanes of hoar antiquity, whose ways are, as the poet sings, 'nor rough, nor barren, but strewn with flowers.'" In this vein of delightful enthusiasm, he starts for the wide-spread provinces of central France, which extend from the Loire to the Dordogne. "The fertile Touraine, the picturesque Anjou, the storied La Vendée, Bordeaux the rich, Perigord, dear to the gourmand, the backward Limousin, the aristocratic Berri, with many an *et cetera*, shall all be ransacked in turn, and all yield us somewhat to admire or reflect on, somewhat to interest our curiosity or amuse our fancy. Allons!" Thus, in dancing spirits, on "one of the first really fine days of the spring of 1840," Mr. Trollope left Paris upon the tour which is detailed in these volumes, with unvarying animation, and an observant acuteness, that flags not for an instant; although the narrative may have

received some point and polish from the author's mother, the novelist, under whose editorial auspices the present work appears. We shall not be expected to follow the entire route, but must be content with picking a few flowers by the road-side. At Versailles, our tourist is fascinated with the Princess Mary's

Statue of the Maid of Orleans.]

It stands in a long gallery filled with statues, some in marble and some in plaster, of personages of every description who figure in French history, and enjoys no distinction of any kind to mark it among the miscellaneous crowd around, except that which it derives from its own intrinsic excellence. But it is impossible that the most uneducated eye should pass it by without being arrested by the admirably combined grace and dignity of the figure. Nothing can be more happily chosen than the attitude of the person, and the expression of the slightly bent and thoughtful features. An infinity of maidenly modesty is blended with the high resolve and unflinching firmness which spring evidently from no unwomanly boldness of natural character, but from a deep undoubting faith in the reality of her mission, and a devout reliance on God for the power to carry it into execution. It is difficult not to believe that the extraordinarily-gifted princess who could thus conceive the character of the "maid of France," and thus give existence to the beau ideal of her mind, could herself have been the heroine she has portrayed, had her lot been cast in those days of mighty impulses, of unquestioning, energetic faith, and heroic deeds.

[The chapter devoted to Chartres contains a minute account of the fire in 1836, by which the cathedral was nearly destroyed: there is likewise some clever criticism upon painted glass, and the three splendidly-coloured rose windows, which "resemble the mimic illusions of some gigantic kaleidoscope." Next is a pleasant page upon

The Wines of Orleans.]

On entering the Orleanais, the corn begins to give place to the vine. The department produces nearly equal quantities of corn and wine; the principal parts of the former coming from the districts bordering on the Eure et Loire, the Seine et Oise, and the Seine et Marne. Along the banks of the Loire, wine is the staple produce. Orleans, Beaugency, and Blois, alone produce on the average annually about two hundred thousand pieces of wine. The average value of this produce is thirty francs the piece, on the spot; at Paris it is worth about fifty-five. The piece differs somewhat in different parts of the country. That of Orleans is the largest

used, and contains about three hundred and twenty bottles. That of Bordeaux holds three hundred. About half this annual produce of wine is consumed as such. It is rarely bottled, but is sold from the tap in the cabarets and wine houses of Paris. The other half is made into vinegar or brandy. The most esteemed growths of the environs are those of St. Jean de Braye, St. Denis en Val, and St. Jean de la Ruelle. The best account of the vineyards of this part of France, and of the modes of culture adopted in them, may be found in a volume entitled "*Le Vigneron Français*," printed at Orleans in 1723. It was written by Jacques Boulay, canon of St. Pierre en Pont, and contains, among other matters, so faithful an account of the frauds and adulterations practised by the growers and sellers, that tradition says he was one fine morning found hung up in the midst of his own vineyard, as an example to all men of the consequences of telling tales out of school.

[The historical details of Orleans, Blois, Tours, Angers, Nantes, and Clisson, are replete with interesting associations, as the following of

The Touraine.]

A rapid succession of objects, each interesting for some reason or other, continues to amuse the traveller, and keep his attention awake all the way to Sannur. First, near the little village of St. Patrice, on a hill overlooking the river, is the chateau de Rochecotte, the birth-place and residence of the celebrated chief of the chouans of that name, who was condemned to be shot, and executed in 1798. It now belongs to the Duchess de Dino. Next comes, on the southern bank of the river, just opposite to a little hamlet called Trois-volets, the chateau d'Ussé, picturesquely visible on its wooded hill, among the fine plantations which surround it. This fine old house, now the property of M. le Marquis, Henri de la Rochejaquelin, was in part constructed on the plans of the celebrated Vauban. A little further on, near Chapelle Blanche, a prettily situated village on the road, is the ancient chateau de Grillemont, once in the possession of our friend, Tristan l'Ermitte, and sometimes inhabited by Louis XI.

A little beyond this, near the limit of the department, there is a suspension-bridge recently built over the Loire; nearly opposite to it, on the southern bank of the river, the contiguous villages of Candes and Montsoreau; at the first of which St. Martin died and was buried in the year 400, and at the second there are extensive remains of an old castle, now inhabited by a number of poor families. It was one of the former lords of this pile of building, a comte de Montsoreau, whose name is yet unenviably celebrated in Anjou as the executor in that

province of the massacre of the Protestants ordered by Charles IX.

[*The Vine at Saumur and Angers.*]

The plain on the side of the river Loire, in the immediate front of the castle, is peculiarly richly wooded, and has the appearance of a vast garden filled with thick shrubberies, and green sylvan labyrinths. The vine is here cultivated in the old classical mode, and trained from tree to tree, instead of the practice, almost universally adopted in France, of cutting it down within a foot or two of the ground. It is said that the latter plan is far the most beneficial to the quality of the fruit; but the former has at least immeasurably the advantage in point of beauty. And this peculiarity contributes much towards producing the garden-like effect of the plain opposite to Saumur.

As the boat threads its way among these islands continually succeeding each other, towards Chalonnnes, the banks of the river are covered with the vineyards which produce the most esteemed wines of Anjou. On the southern shore, the growths of Rochefort and St. Aubin de Luigné are much esteemed, but have the reputation of being very heady. The Coulée de Serrant, on the northern bank, is a much finer, lighter, and more delicate-flavoured wine; but its fame is so high, and the vineyard which produces it so small, that it is very difficult to procure.

[*Sacred Oaks and Fountains.*]

Sacred fountains and sacred oaks are yet revered under the thin disguise of "Notre Dame du Chêne," or "Notre Dame de la Fontaine." At Fontevault, and at Ardilliers, such fountains may still be seen. And the oak of St. Laurent, near Chalonnnes, and that of Vion, called the Oak of La Jariage, are still believed by some of the peasantry to operate miraculous cures. Etienne Grudé wrote two poems on this oak in the sixteenth century, which are still extant. The second of them bears a superscription.

[*Château of Nantes.*]

A great variety of historical events have passed within the walls of this chateau from the time of its foundation, by Alain Barbe-torte, Duke of Brittany, in the tenth century, to the confinement there of the Duchess de Berri, in 1832, previous to her removal to Blaye. She was not the first royal prisoner its gates have closed on by a good many. But by far the most important of the souvenirs attached to the castle of Nantes is the promulgation of the celebrated edict of Nantes by Henry IV. The Cardinal de Retz, so well known by his memoirs of himself, was a prisoner here in the year 1654; and the spot from which he effected

the hazardous escape, so minutely related in his autobiography, is still pointed out. It took place at five o'clock in the afternoon of the eighth of August, and was, therefore, accomplished in broad daylight, which makes his final success seem little less than miraculous. It certainly could never have been achieved had not the accident, which the worthy cardinal relates so complaisantly, of the poor Jacobin friar drowning himself as he was bathing, fortunately occurred just at the moment, to draw off the attention of all passers along the quay.

[The following are startling facts, illustrating

The Condition of France.]

France is unquestionably advancing rapidly in physical and material civilization. It is impossible to travel through the country with an observant eye without being convinced of the fact. Her new roads in her more backward and hitherto neglected provinces, and improved roads throughout the kingdom; her greatly increased means of communication by the almost daily establishment of new competitors in the carrying business on the public roads, and the formation of new companies for the navigation by steam of rivers hitherto profitless to commerce; the almost daily commencement or completion of quays, bridges, and other public works, in almost every part of the country; the cultivation of much hitherto uncultivated ground in many provinces, and the general establishment throughout the country of agricultural and industrial societies, are all manifest and easily recognised proofs of the progress France is making in the various branches of material civilization. The evidences of a nation's advancement or retrogression in moral and intellectual civilization do not lie quite so much on the surface of things, and are not by their nature so manifest to observation. But, an observant traveller will not pass through the kingdom without finding many a straw, which will serve to indicate which way the wind is blowing in these respects also. And I saw, both in Paris and in the provinces, enough to convince me that the country is making as decided a progress towards moral barbarism as it is towards physical civilization.

[The work is embellished with characteristic etchings by Hervien: the vignettes are, a gourmand tasting Lafitte, and a dandy reading bills on the wall, both being subscribed "Useful Knowledge," and illustrative of Mr. Trollope's anathema of utilitarianism, to be traced through every page of his journal. We suspect, however, the popular folly to be so near its natural end, that it were merciless to "lay on" with such severity.]

The Gatherr.

Cricket.—The Marylebone Club intend to issue positive instructions to all umpires to put the tenth law into full force; so that in no case shall any bowler be permitted to raise his hand above his shoulder; an admirable regulation, and one that will materially add to the present popularity of the legitimate game of cricket.—*Sporting Review*, May.

Epsom Races.—We saw advertised "a good assortment of Light Waterproof Capes for the race-week." This reminds one of Beard, the singer, inquiring when Vauxhall Gardens opened, that he might procure a new great coat for the occasion, as it would certainly rain.

Zoology.—A fine oran-utang, said to be the largest ever received in this country, has been added to the menagerie of "the Surrey Zoological Gardens." M. Riboulet has lauded at Portsmouth five giraffes, which he himself caught in Abyssinia.

St. Bride's School.—We are happy to report that the proceeds of the Fancy Sale, on the 19th and 20th instant, are likely to amount to 500*l*.

Extravagant Adulation.—Jasper Mayne says of "Master Cartwright," the author of tolerable "Comedies and Poems," printed in 1651,—

"Yes, thou to nature hadst joined art and skill;
In thee Ben Jonson still held Shakspeare's quill."

Excellent Advice to Preachers.—Throw yourselves into the bosom of your auditory, and the *quo modo*, as to style and reasoning, will be lost in that of the sincerity of feeling, and fervour of expression. Homely truths always stick deeper and last longer than rhetorical flourishes.—*Dibdin, in his Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 159.

Evasion.—We recollect a man swearing he would not drink for a month—he soaked bread in spirits, and ate it; another, who swore he would not touch liquor while he stood "on earth," got drunk amid the branches of a tree; another, who vowed not to touch a drop "in doors or out," strode across his threshold, placing one leg inside and the other outside, and so, persuading himself he did not break his oath, drunk until he fell; another, who bound himself not to "touch liquor in the parish," brought a sod of turf from a distance, and placed his feet upon it when he resolved to drink.—*Mrs. Hall's Ireland*, 1840, p. 35.

The Wisdom of to-day and to-morrow.—It is a true saying, whereof we find common experience, "*Posterior dies est prioris magister*," (The day following is the former day's schoolmaster.) There's another aphorism, "*The wisdom of one day is foolishness to another*," and 'twill be so as long as there is a man left in the world.—*Howell's Pre-eminence of Parliament*, 1645, p. 22.

Willows were described by the Rev. Robert Hall as "Nature hanging out signals of distress."

Shakspeare.—The curious antique jug, known as "Shakspeare's Jug," once the property of the Bard of Avon, and which has never, until within the last three years, been out of the possession of his collateral descendants, was lately sold by auction for 21 guineas, at Forthampton Cottage, in the county of Gloucester; the purchaser being Mr. Bennett, of Tewkesbury.

Wreck of the Royal George.—Colonel Pasley has renewed his operations on the wreck of the Royal George, with Lieut. Hutchinson, as the executive engineer.

Good from Conflict.—As the system and symphony of music is not made by one or two, but by a diversity of strings and notes, so political harmony consists in the correspondence of the greatest ministers, and their unanimous resolution after some conflict of opinions; for as fire breaks out of flint by concussion, so wisdom and truth issueth out of the agitation of argument.—*Howell's Dodona's Grove*, 1645, p. 141.

A Rotary Saint.—The Town-hall of Brussels, standing in the great marketplace, has a turret 364 feet high, on the top of which is a copper statue, seventeen feet in height, and which turns round with the wind.—*L. F.*

Astronomy.—M. Arago commenced his course of Lectures on Astronomy on Saturday week, when more than 4000 persons were unable to obtain admission. Verily, Astronomy is looking up.

Riddles.

When is a lion like a laundress?—When he is going to mangle you.

When is the queen not a queen?—When she's a-bed.

Why is Mr. Roebuck a nice man?—Because he's a deer.

When is a shalot like a man in a perplexity?—When it's in a stew.

Why did the Chartists fly from the soldiers at Newport?—Because Frost could not stand fire.

Why does the upsetting of a bottle of ink in an omnibus make the vehicle like a nightmare?—Because it's then an *inky bus*.

What mammal is that whose name comprises the fruit of the wild rose, a river, two pints, the first letter of the alphabet, and a bit of mustard?—*Hip-Po-pot-a-mus*.

When is a breeze like a pocket-handkerchief?—When it blows your nose.

When is winter like a face?—When you see its nose (*it snows*).

J. H. F., *Comundrumer to the Royal Family*.

* * * Answers to Correspondents on page 2 of the Wrapper.